PS 2649
.P425
M3
Copy 1

# Patricia

## OR THE NEW CREATION

J. William Pope

Class PS2649

Book P425M3

Copyright No.

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

THE AUTHOR

# Matiria

OR

## THE NEW CREATION

BY

J. WILLIAM POPE

WRITTEN IN 1881
ILLUSTRATED BY HIS ARTIST FRIENDS

Copyrighted 1914 by
H. B. BROCKETT, JR.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

BROCKETT PRESS

PS 2649
.P+25 M3

## Dedication.

With the permission of Uncle Will, to dedicate this little book to whom I choose I therefore inscribe it to a man of sterling qualities, a prince among men, and my friend

JOHN HANCOCK NICHOLSON.

The Publisher.

$ 0.75

SEP 22 1914

©CLA379592

No. 1,

Pittsburgh, Pa., January 18, 1882.

My friends:

While there was "no money in it," you have very kindly given of your time and skill to the beautifying of this weak endeavor to set forth a few new ideas, and perhaps in a pleasing way, of what might have been had it been given the human race a second opportunity to people a world with sinless flesh; for which kindness, believe that you shall be ever held in kind remembrance by

Your friend,

J. William Pope

# Invocation.

With whatsoe'er of hidden mystery—
From mortals hidden yet—O, blessed Muse,
Thou deignest this humble effort to invest,
I pray thee let it be with love so fraught,
That though the passer, being blind of soul,
May read, and so divine our good intent,
That what is written may as graven be
Upon their fleshly hearts, and shining there,
Light up the path on which they
thoughtless tread,
Until their souls through vanity's dense gloom,
Beholding danger, halt, and turning back,
Begin anew their pilgrimage toward life.

J. Hutzler,

"'TWAS IN A LAND OF FRUITS AND FLOWERS"

# Matricia.

## Part First.

## Artists.

GEORGE HETZEL — A. S. WALL

J. R. WOODWELL — H. WEGNER

M. B. LEISER — F. J. BUSSMAN

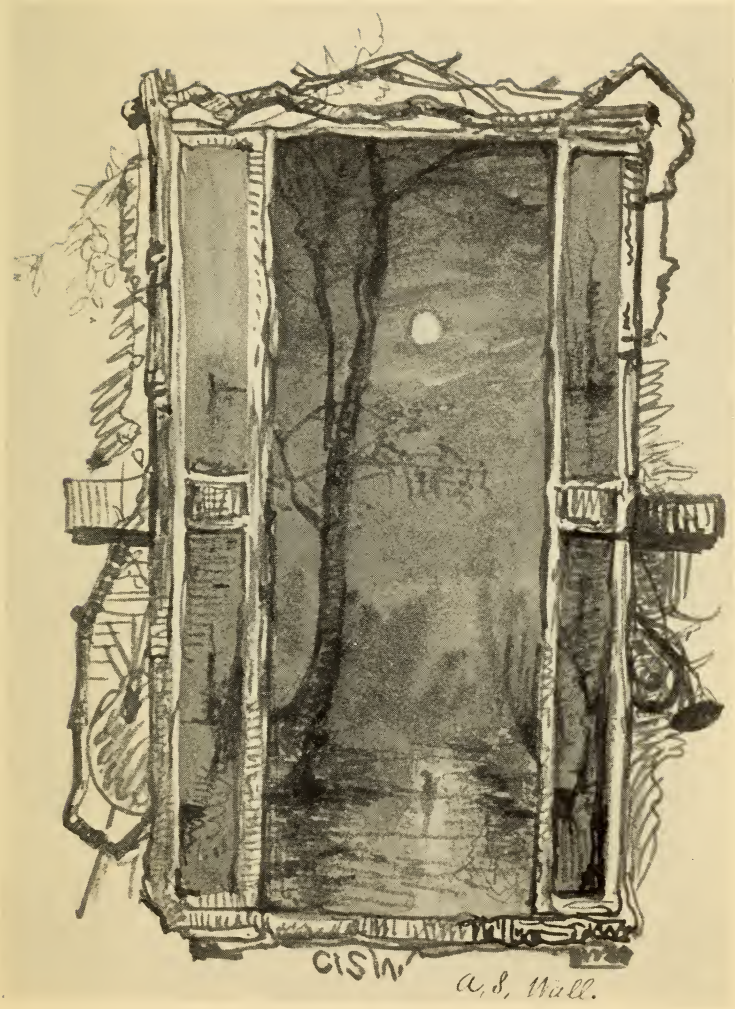
A. F. KING

W. H. H. ALGEO

# Maticia.

'Twas in a land of fruits and flowers—
And where the sun shines ever fair;
Where birds make vocal trees and bowers,
And orange bloom perfumes the air,
And on a spot where sleeps a stream,
Ne'er ruffled save when swallows pass,
Where maids voluptuous, idly dream,
And view themselves as in a glass—
Maticia dwelt, whose placid face
And lovely form. were Beauty's thought
And handiwork, for every grace
Angelic was upon her wrought.
Her voice in converse or in song,
Bound listening ears with witchment strong.

Her hair was like to golden threads,
Her brow and neck like drifted snow;
The glistening dew which evening sheds,
Her deep blue eyes could far out-glow.
The rose and lily strove the while
Upon her cheeks for mastery;
Her lips grew redder at each smile,
And pearls peeped out most brilliantly.
Her movements o'er the velvet lawn,
Were like the zephyr's gentle tread.
The violet she trod upon,
But only bowed its beauteous head.
If with the gods she could have been,
Her title would have been The Queen.




"THE BIG ROUND MOON LIKE SILVER SHIELD
HUNG IN THE FAR OFF CLOUDLESS BLUE"

Maticia passed her nineteenth Spring,
And June, all wreathed in flowers had come;
The nightingale began to sing,
The insect tribes gave out their hum,
The big round moon like silver shield,
Hung in the far off cloudless blue.
The darkness vanquished, had to yield,
And into hidden nooks withdrew.
Thus was the scene at mid of night,
When wrapped in sleep, the beauty lay
Upon a couch of purest white,
Hung round with costly drapery.
No dream of love was her's, for she
Had never felt such ecstacy.

Her latticed casement stood ajar,
And through it streamed a moonlit glare,
More seeming soft, and whiter far
Than any bleached fabric there.
Maticia's cheek upon one hand
Reposed, the other lay at rest
Upon her side; her nightrobe's band
Half hid her gentle heaving breast;
Her tiny feet of perfect mould,
Peeped out beneath her garment's hem;
If them an artist should behold,
In dreams he'd oft be painting them.
The gods might such a scene admire,
While man would find his heart on fire.

As sudden flash of light, appeared
A stately form most purely white,
Like some fine marble statue reared,
And glist'ning in a frosty night.
The form was sexless though like man;
He stood beside the sleeping maid,
And o'er her face like swaying fan,
Swung poppy blooms of purple shade,
With the intent that sleep more sound
Might bind her senses with a chain,
And hold them while through depth profound
They rose the far off world to gain.
Though far to man, to angels near,
The seen or unseen heavenly sphere.

As gentle mothers lift with care
Their sleeping babes, so gathered he
Her in his arms, one moment there,
Then through the casement noiselessly
He strode, and straight as is the track
Of bee, he rose, and ere he left
Our ether sea, he threw aback
Her robes for those of her bereft.
As is the down of thistle blown,
So did those robes at day dawn sail,
And when at last they settled down,
They subject gave for wondrous tale.
For wild spread 'round the strange affair,
Of woman vanishing in air.

In the beginning, but we know not when,
A world was made, and placed in orbit like
This world of ours, but it had many lights,
So that no change of season nor of time,
Like day and night, was there, but for the rest
And sleep of things, deep shadows were
Beneath the vines and trees which thrifty grew.
There birds and beasts of many kinds and like
To some of all the climes of this our earth,
And some ne'er seen by man, were all at peace.
And fruits like ours, with others sweeter far,
Hung on the trees and glistened in the grass,
On vines which constant bloomed and

growing, crept
From place to place like things which live
and move.
There rain was not, but daily dews, all balm,
Came down and sparkled on the leaves
and flow'rs,
The grass and moss, like diamonds new set.
The larger streams so sluggish were, that not
A wave was ever seen, nor did the wind
E'er blow, but zephyrs soft played with
the leaves,
And tossed the dewdrops on the trembling
grass;
The brooks, the rivulets, and springs had voice,

And babbling chimed with ceaseless song
of birds.
Thus stood the world until Maticia's guard
Alighted with her sleeping in his arms,
Within a bow'r composed of fruitful vines,
With floor of moss, as soft as eider down,
Not green alone, but varied in its tints.
The guard divine laid down his mortal
charge,
And then withdrew until such time on earth,
Mankind doth wake.
The birds shook off the dew,
And dressed their plumes and prism tinted
wings,

Then on the wing, and bough of bush
and tree,
In liquid strains their matins sang to morn;
While here and there, amid the sparkling
grove,
With dew begemmed, like rainbow light
they sped,
Or ran across the sward.
Maticia heard,
Before she ope'd her eyes, the birds' sweet
song,
And silver tinkling of a pearly spring,
Nigh where she lay, and wondered if she
dreamed.

At length she ope'd her languid eyes and saw
The scene within their scope; she looked aloft,
And there beheld most luscious fruit bend down
In clusters tempting; still she thought she dreamed.
She raised her up, and placed her head at rest
Upon one hand, to look and muse awhile.
She soon discovered that it was no dream,
That all was real, that her couch was moss;
Her canopy was leafy vines with fruit,
Herself a mortal from another world,
All unadorned by any work of art.

While thus reclining, stood there in the break
Among the vines, the form who brought her there;
And thus he spake, while she in vain would hide
Her nakedness.
"O, creature of the earth,
In this bright sphere beside you there is none,
Therefore cast shame as worthless garment by;
The surest shield that modesty can wear
To chastity, with purity of heart.
Here you were brought—the Master willed it so—

To keep alive the race we know as man,
For soon the world will like a scroll on fire,
Be rolled away; the elements will melt,
And like as you have seen a comet fly,
The earth through space unmeasured, wild
will sweep.
There man was placed as lord of all below,
But sunk beneath the very beast he ruled;
All things, save he, the laws laid down fulfill,
And God repented He created him.
'Tis here intended that the woman shall
Be queen of all, since she most loved her
Lord,
And bore Him in her arms, and at His tomb

Shed tears of sorrow, and of fondest love.
To 'scape so dire a fate as that of Eve,
Let nothing earthly harbor in your breast;
Let no desire for what is not here found,
Possess your heart; all things you see are yours
To use for pleasure, or as need may prompt,
And at the proper time, the Master will
An helpmate bring! till then content yourself,
And this remember, that you are but clay,
And that your thoughts should constant rise
To Him whose work you are, and He your God.
'Tis time ablution we should make, and then
Breakfast, and view the landscape spread
abroad."

"AZAZIEL SAT HER ON THE LION'S BACK, AND LED THE WAY
DOWN THE RIVER'S MARGE"

Azaziel—he it was who spoke—then took
A tendril from the vine and blew a call,
Which answered was by Leo; not such beast
As oft was seen in olden time, when men
Were cast into their dens, but large, with mane
Like glossy silk, and eyes as mild as dove's.
He came and couched low at Maticia's feet,
For she had risen and stood outside the bow'r.
Azaziel sat her on the lion's back,
And led the way down the river's marge,
Where soon like giddy lads let loose for play,
They sported in the water crystal clear.
The lion first came to the shore, and shook
His dripping hide, then rolled upon the sward,

And romped like sportive dog. Azaziel took
From off a tree at hand, great sheets of moss,
More soft than turkish towel, with which
they dried
Themselves, then kneeling there, gave thanks
to God.
Maticia sat once more on Leo's back,
And for a moment ere they motion made,
The picture was most beautiful to see;
The placid stream on which the sun shone
bright,
The group reflecting, while his ruddy beams
O'er laid them with a sheen of reddish gold,
While merry sang unnumbered birds.

The three
With royal pomp passed o'er the mead, and
reached
A covert formed by one large tree whose leaves
And boughs enwoven were and formed a broad
Gay canopy, beneath the which was spread
A feast, fit food for angels or for men.
'Twas fruit, the fig, the date, with purple grapes,
Bananas ripe and rich, and fruits unknown
To this our world, with nuts of many kinds;
Above them hung a score of polished shells
With handles bowed from side to side, of twigs.
The boughs on which they hung were pricked
by thorns,

And oozed their sap into the shells for drink,
Which nectar draught was sweeter far than
wine
E'er served at earthly wedding feast.
They ate,
And then gave thanks, and formed a flow'ry
wreath,
And placed it 'round the waiting lion's neck,
And bade him hie away to forest deep.
Then blew Azaziel on a blade of grass,
And came an elephant of ponderous height,
All covered with a soft white fleece,
Like of yearling lamb; he bowed him low,
And on his back Azaziel sat his charge,

"YON ORBS WHICH SEEMED ALMOST AS JOINED IN ONE"

Page 20

And at her side with arm about her waist,
He sat, and thus across the plain they went,
And up the great ascent to Viewland's peak,
Which tower'd above the fleecy clouds in pride.

There may be bounds upon this earthly ball,
To which the mortal vision cannot reach,
But when upon high Viewland's treeless peak,
The eye takes in a scope beyond the sun,
And in the distance may descry all white,
The orb on which is built the throne of God;
Which orb a million times is larger than
The largest any telescope can weigh;
And while it lights all suns, it still drives on,

The leader of the universe of spheres,
Which sweep through space, and orbits still
perform.
From there is seen what men of science call
"Spots on the sun," which spots are only holes,
Or vacuums within his atmosphere,
By whirlwinds caused.
Thus Azaziel pointing spake:
"Yon orbs which seem almost as joined in one,
Though diverse in their forms, is where the
souls
Of mortals wait the final stroke of time;
That one beneath, all blazing hot and bleak,
Rocks heaped on rocks, its base all wrapt in

gloom,
Is where the rich man begged a little drop,
But one, of water for his parched tongue;
From there came Judas, dressed in mortal
guise,
But to betray and then return again.
And yon above, you see with verdure clad,
Is where the thief, repentant on the cross,
Met his Redeemer—it is Paradise—
And there the righteous dead from Abel, down
To this your day, are crying 'Lord how long?'
A great mistake some mortals make who think
The spirits ever leave their resting place
To visit earth, and there commune with man;

One spirit only e'er returned to earth,
And that was Christ's, but He was God of God.
That evil spirits, who are unconfined,
The devils, may thus seek the death of souls,
Is plausible, though little speed they make,
Save with the minds debased or rather weak.

The end of time, of which I just now spake,
Was not of all the orbs, for some will last
As long as God Himself; but of the earth,
The only orb on which sin's curse has fall'n;
But when the angels braved the pow'r of God,
They left the orb on which they had been
placed,

And went—as oft before they went—to heaven.
They being spirit, passed from orb to orb
At will, as all the angels have the power,
And on their orb there was no count of time;
But when Defeat with mighty arm pursued,
They driven were, to wander to and fro,
In boundless space, without a resting place.
Their orb was rent in pieces small, to burn
And dash through space; now we can see
them fly—
The comets—which mankind cannot explain.
Now look around and see this beauteous
sphere;
This is a peaceful world; no sin, no death;

And so will be unless yourself should sin,
But even the stain shall disappear,
Without a sacrifice, or flow of blood.
To yonder smiling vale, yon Eden new,
We now will go, for there I needs must speak
To you once more of strict obedience."

Maticia, in the long descent was mute
With admiration of the varied scenes
Through which they passed to reach the far
down vale,
Where they arrived at what on earth is called
The close of day. When rich repast they ate,
And in an ambient shade, they sought repose.

A night within that Eden new, 'twere vain
For mortal words to e'er describe; the orb,
Or what might there be called the moon, was bright
As was the sun, save only that its beams
Were white, and clad all objects which they touched,
With what to man would seem like new fall'n snow.
The streams and lakes, unruffled, mirror like,
Reflected through the whiteness on them shed;
The objects so defined, they looked as though
They stood in bold relief within the air;
While fish and pebbles in their depth appeared

To rise and float upon the surface white.
The morning light waked all created life,
And Eden never seemed more beautiful;
The flow'rs had sweeter breath, the birds new songs,
The sky was bluer than before at morn;
The scene was heavenly to the mortal mind,
And all because a woman graced the scene.

Azaziel then Maticia thus addressed:
"Within this garden nothing ill can come;
A mortal year will not suffice for you
One half the beauties of this vale to see;
Therefore remember, pass you not its bounds

J. R. WOODWELL

"A NIGHT WITHIN THAT EDEN NEW"

Until the Master brings to you—as Eve
To Adam was afore—your helpmate fair.
Henceforth Maticia you shall not be called,
But this, Humana, comfort to your race.
Another charge is mine: a saintly soul
Who lives by alms, and whose life span is nigh
Its end—all mortal flesh must die; at birth
Is registered in heaven their length of life,
And known by God are all their years
and days.
Better to live besainted and in want,
Than clothed in purple with a sinful soul—
My blessing rest on you until I come,
And pass you not fair Eden's gate till then."

Humana watched him till like fading mist
He disappeared, and then sat down to muse
On what had passed, and thus soliloquized:

## Part 2.

"Of all the mortals born on earth,
  Of high and low degree,
I only seemed to have the worth
  For such great majesty!
I! simple I, am chosen queen
  Of this creation new,
And from the wonders I have seen,
  I dare not doubt it true.

May all the creatures of this sphere,
Through me be ever blest,
And when the Master doth appear,
May He be Lord confessed.
Hail beauteous birds and peaceful beasts,
Behold your queen in me;
Come, let us hold this day a feast,
This world's nativity.
Ye limpid springs and placid streams,
In rippling join in song;
Ye lights shed forth benignant beams,
Ye trees and rocks be strong;
Ye flowers bloom, ye fruits grow sweet,
Yea, all things do the will

Of Him who made you all complete,
And thus His laws fulfill.
I am but mortal, ye divine,
No evil have ye seen,
Now ye are left to me as mine!
And I to you, as queen!"
On bush and tree sat countless birds of song,
With those whose charm was in their
plumage gay;
The beasts from smallest to the elephant—
As once to Adam they appeared in line—
Stood waiting for Humana's word to move.
She led the way; the birds broke forth in praise,
And winging through the air a rainbow formed,

J. R. WOODWELL

"THOSE ARCHES EACH, WAS ONE VAST JASPER ROCK"

Which quivered like the sun on rip'ling stream.
Thus through the day Humana led the throng;
At eve they halted 'neath an ambient shade,
In midst of grove nigh to the garden gate.
If earthly queens by pomp are gratified,
Humana more so, lay her down that night.
The gate of Eden—and there was but one—
Was hedged by trees whose gilded crowns
were high,
And its approach by lofty arches spanned,
The outlet standing in a glassy sea.
Those arches, each was one vast jasper rock,
And written o'er with words no man might
read.

Scarce was she locked in arms of balmy sleep,
When lo! she heard a voice and lyre in tune—
Ah! who is there in likeness of the Lord,
Can sleep when music brings to bear its pow'rs?
The doleful for the dead, the dreadful call
To arms, the playful for the feet of dance;
But when the theme is burthened with desires
Of love, the heart must surely callous be,
That throbs not, nor reverberates when heard
Are pleadings of a sighing heart, in song—
'Twas like to human voice, and thus it sang:

"Humana, my beauty Humana,
A soul new created now hear,
My heart reaches out for its treasure,

O come, thou hast nothing to fear.
Thy subject I am, and I bow me,
Delighted, and freely to thee;
In haste I would have thee endow me
With love chains, to never be free.
Humana my queen, loved Humana!
But speak and my bosom relieve;
My beauty, my spirit, Humana!
I long your commands to receive.
Let sleep not enchain my Humana!
For love is the sovereign of all,
And He who is love hath commanded,
That love ne'er unanswered shall call.
The birds are all happy in loving,

The beasts have their love and delight,
Thus ever the mandate approving,
To love is the heart's solemn right.
Humana! my queenly Humana!
'Tis love the whole universe moves;
My beauty! my life! my Humana!
But speak! and make one of our loves."
Humana's heart beat high; the song had waked
What still of woman had a place therein;
And rising, with a trembling foot she sought
The gate, to learn from whence and by whose voice,
Such witching song came forth, and there beheld

"A YOUTHFUL FORM WITH LYRE IN HAND"

A youthful form with lyre in hand; his face
Was like a maid's, all smooth and wreathed
in smiles;
His form was slender, and no sculptor's hand
Could chisel limbs and chest more perfectly.
Bright were his eyes, his locks were auburn
hued,
And as he made advance toward the gate,
He looked a very god, and thus he spake:

## Part 3.

"The Master bade me come to thee and claim
My bride, and be an helpmate unto thee;

Wast thou not told that I would come to thee
ere long?"
"No, not that you would come, but that ere long
The Master would an helpmate bring to me,"
She said, to which replied the youth, "Ah, yes,
But if I'm bidden come to thee, and bring
Such gems and royal robes as suit thy sphere,
'Twas surely mine His high behest to do,
Nor question His intent, nor make delay."
"Nought evil can within the garden come,
And if 'tis truth you speak, come in,"
Humana said with face lit up by faith.
The youth replied, "Not so; until the proof
Of what I've said, shall satisfy thy mind,

I'd rather linger here, outside of bliss,
Than enter while a doubt hangs brooding
there;
Behold this coronet which ne'er has yet
Found place upon a brow, nor shall it find,
Until it rests upon thine own dear head.
And this rich necklace, gems from 'neath the
throne
Where flows the pearly stream of life;
These armlets, and these wristlets, finely
wrought
Of gold refined, and set with tears once shed,
In height of joy, by one whom Christ forgave.
And here are robes yet unconceived by man;

Behold the wondrous beauty here displayed!
The looms divine, have wrought a thousand
years
To form them thus, and all for thee; the dyes
Were from the bow which spans the earth,
distilled;
And all these tiny sparks which shine amid
The folds, were gathered from the depth un-
known,
Save only to the seraph seeking them,
And all to decorate thy lovely form.
Humana, dost thou believe me now?"
A moment stood Humana, her pow'r was gone,
To further parley with such proofs as those,

"NOR CARED WHICH WAY HE LED HER STEPS"

Page 39

And with her head adroop she passed the gate;
he stood
With arms out-spread, while in his hands he
held
The robes and gems, and his most tuneful lyre;
Advancing thus they met, her blushing cheek
She rested on his heaving heart, nor cared
Which way he led her steps. He sought a
shade
Where at her feet he lay his riches down,
And thus he spake:
"I all to thee resign,
For thou art queen, and since of woman's
blood

I did not come, her equal I am not,
But only must I serve, and meet it is
That she, since all from her proceed, should rule;
Yet bliss is mine; such bliss as ne'er has god
Permitted been to know." Humana sighed.
That night she slept upon his arm and dreamed
Such dreams as maids in their first loves oft dream—
While waking—of the blissful times to come,
Nor dream a cloud might soon begloom the scene.

## Part 4.

A sudden thunder peal, and flash of light
Awoke Humana from her dream of bliss
To terror and amaze! She looked around
For him she loved, but Ah! he was not there;
Then sought she for the robes and gems so
bright,
But horror deeper filled her heart, to find
All these were changed. For robes, a heap
of moss
And lichens, sprinkled o'er with water drops,
With glowworms here and there; for coronet,
A fungus growth, while acorns strung on twigs,

The necklace formed; the armlets were but skin
Of snakes, while parings of an asses hoof
As wristlets shone, and for dulcet lyre,
An ox's skull and horns, with spider webs
Between, had served him well. By terror bound
She stood; above her rolled the clouds all black,
Lit up anon by flames like blood, while loud
And fast as war's dread voice, came peal on peal,
Which shook the sphere; sharp fi'ry bolts shot forth,

"AND LOOKING UP, BEHELD ON VIEWLAND'S PEAK"

And filled with fear the timid birds, which flew
All screaming 'mid the trees; the beasts grew
wild,
The lions roared, the leopards sprang in air;
The elephant with trunk aloft trod down
The shrubs, and bent down many sturdy trees.
The forest made a solemn moan; the wind
With sigh and shriek and roar, rushed o'er
the scene.
All nature riot ran. Humana then
Bethought her of the gate, and of the words,
"Nought evil can within the garden come,"
But when soul stricken, she before the gate
All trembling stood, three lions fierce were

there,
And back and forth with foaming mouths they trod,
And roaring as for prey, they kept the gate.
Still raged the storm. Humana thought of prayer,
And looking up, beheld on Viewland's peak,
The youth at war with brave Azaziel,
Who dashed great thunder-bolts and heaven's fire
At Satan—who it was—and at an host
Whom he had stationed there to wait the time
Humana's fall was wrought.

Azaziel soon

Had vanquished all of Satan's hosts, save he,
And ere he cast his last hell-forged shaft,
Azaziel with his glistening sword of truth,
His head had clave in twain, and bound him fast
In adamantine chains; the head soon healed,
And two appeared where but before was one.
With mighty voice Azaziel then declared,
"In yonder hell, now by the will of God,
A thousand years I'll bind you fast in fire."
Humana then found speech and sobbing said,
"Be still my heart, and dry not up the fount
Of tears, but let me weep; not that by tears
A sin so foul can e'er be washed away,

But lest for lack of them thou mightest break,
And no repentance made or pardon sought.
Can pity reach a creature vile as I?
Yet, am I vile? 'twas love all clothed in lies
He brought to bear, the citadel of truth
To crush; and then, alas, my vanity,
The weakest part of woman's make, assailed.
What worse can come from hell than feigned
love?
All decked in lies; what more deserveth hell
Than disobedient soul? such soul is mine."
Then on her knees, while tears ran down her
cheek,
With clasped hands, and eyes turned toward

"BE STILL MY HEART, AND DRY NOT UP THE FOUNT OF TEARS"

Page 45

the heavens,
Still sobbing said,
"O, make for me a hell,
A lofty arched cell,
With glistening gems there set like stars
at night,
And hang there royal gowns
Of velvets, silks and downs,
But hang them high, and far beyond my reach.
Of mirror make each side,
So I may never hide
My sin polluted body from mine eyes.
Then write in letters bold,
These words so false and cold:

True love! true love! you need not add the
fire."
Then prone upon the sward she fell, her form
All quivering as if life would soon depart.
Each sound had ceased, and silence had
control,
Excepting of the rustling trees, which still
Momentum had. The lions at the gate,
Lay down; the birds their plumage dressed,
as though
Rejoicing at the calm; the clouds rolled by,
And o'er the scene came peace.
Then like a beam,
Azaziel lighted at the gate, and saw

Where late Humana was, and where she slept;
The moss on which she lay, her very shape
Was black as burned by iron hot; her feet
Had left their prints like tracks in snow.
All seared and shriveled were the fruit and
leaves,
Which hung above her in her sinful bliss.
Then standing by her prostrate form, he sighed.
"Alas! alas! Humana, from your birth,
I've watched your ways, and struggled hard,
that you
Might pass unscathed through all the ills of life;
But when temptation came before your soul,
The battle had to be with you; not mine

The hand to shield, lest victory prove not
Your vantage. How bright but yesterday,
Before the prince of air your tower tried.
'Tis earth to earth, the great command: to
earth
I'll bear you back, and ere tomorrow's sun
Shall rise below, the couch from which you
came,
Shall feel the pressure of your lovely form,
Though sin polluted, beautiful and fair."
Within his arms as tenderly as when
She peaceful slept, he raised her from the
ground,
And from the new creation hied him forth,

And ere the cock proclaimed the dawn of day,
He gently laid her on her couch, which still
Her grieving parents kept in trim, as though
But waiting for their absent child's return.

## Part 5.

'Twas Sunday morn, and every street
Throughout the city seemed alive;
Friend stopped a passing friend to greet,
And some right on in haste would drive,
As though depended much on speed;
The bells for sermon and for prayer,
For those who had or had no creed,
Rang out upon the morning air,

The topic of the tonguey maid,
And those who had an itching ear,
Was that, "that morn"—for so they said—
"Was seen from window pane to peer
The face of her the gods had claimed,
And carried off to hell or heaven."
The learned too, the subject named,
And diverse the opinions given.
The curious passed full oft that day
The house with anxious eyes askance,
And children stood across the way,
In patience, waiting for a glance
At what, by some was said to be
An angel's face, while some declared

'Twas Satan's, and 'twas plain to see
For awful deeds it was prepared.
While thus ran through the city wild,
Strange stories at Maticia's home;
Her parents fondled their dear child,
And thanked the Lord that she had come.
At times she spoke of pleasures past,
And of the wonders she had seen;
But oft a cloud would overcast
Her brow, to think what might have been.
To now, with such a weight of sin,
Go face the world, she could not brook;
Repentent works she must begin,
And only to high heaven look.

The cloister seemed the proper place
To fit her for eternity.
Therefore resolved, she sought for grace,
Secluded in a nunnery.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

## Part 6.

"Hail! beauteous world," Maticia said,
As forth she issued from the door,
Which she had passed just one decade
Agone, to pass it now no more.
All things are beautifully made,
The mountains rising in their pride,

E. J. BUSSMAN

"HAIL BEAUTEOUS WORLD," MATICIA SAID

The hills, the valleys and the glade,
The little streams and ocean tide;
The flowers and bushes by the way,
The trees and birds, the sands and rocks,
The moon by night, the sun by day,
The lowing herds, the bleating flocks,
All beautiful to hearts in tune,
And fitted for so rich a boon.
The soul which from the world must hide,
Is wrong, because it fears the light;
Better to breast opinion's tide,
Than have it boast you took to flight.
Mistaken ye who think to find
In nunnery, the food divine,

Your soul's require. I too, was blind,
When pasture there I sought for mine;
Alas! I found within those walls,
More sacred sin than righteousness;
The thought my very soul appalls,
And fills my heart with wretchedness.
What soldier puts his armor on,
And hides himself before the fray?
The coward only; I've been one,
But now within the light of day,
I'll battle for the good of man;
I'll seek the sick, the poor relieve,
And whatsoever woman can,
I'll do, that sinners may believe,

Repent, and have their sins forgiven,
And fitted be to enter heaven."
To-day Maticia goes her round,
Speaks comfort in the dying ear;
The poor by her are sought and found;
To stricken hearts she bringeth cheer;
And children greet her on her way;
The drooping head lifts up again
Where'er she goes, by night or day,
Her face alone relieveth pain,
And hearts are cleansed of their stain.

The End.

# TOM PERKINS

BY

## J. WILLIAM POPE

THE STORY OF A BASE BALL PLAYER

PRICE 50 CENTS

In every walk in life, base ball included, a sober man comes out best.—David Starr Jordan

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 871 431 0